

# Halo 2: Ark of the Covenant

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Summary: Updated: Chapter 2 is up now, enjoy! Takes place immediatly after end of Halo2, will feature all main characters, I know horrible summary, but please R&R

## 1. The Newfound Ally

Note: Unfortunately I do not own any part of the Halo series, or Bungie

> nor do I claim to by writing and posting this fan fiction, but if all goes according to plan, soon all of Microsoft will belong to meâ€|.heh heh heh.<p>

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong> Halo: Ark of the Covenant<strong>

**\*\*Section 1: Only the Truth Remains\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1\*\***

**\*\*2013 hours, April 23, 2553 (Military Calendar)**

> Aboard unidentified Covenant vessel, destination Earth<strong>h

John, cautiously waked the empty hallways of the strange Forerunner ship that the last High Prophet of the Covenant, Truth, was commandeering.

Hundreds of miles away the Cairo Orbital MAC station and nearly 300 of her sister stations along with what remained of the UNSC fleet were desperately trying to hold off the attack, as hundreds of Covenant cruisers were headed for Earth. It was a uphill battle for the human forces. John looked at his motion sensor there was nothing,

> He knew there must Brutes all over the ship on high alert he knew they must be focusing on the area that Truth was located.<br> John

looked at the walls of the ship the strangely luminescent symbols scrawled over the wide halls, he felt drawn to them, they were strangely familiar, like a far off memory of a life long ago. He wanted to take off his armored glove and brush his fingers over them.

> But then the symbols stopped and he began to pass by several large metallic locked doors with red lights . Then something caught his attention, the steady green glow of an unlocked door coming from a door about 20 ft. down the hall.<br> He walked slowly towards it, and tried to crouch down beside it bracing for a full frontal attack while standing out of the motion sensors detection range, the large silver door slid open, air rushed out as the air pressure equalized. "Dammit", he cursed under his breath he'd still set off the sensor, he craned his neck around the corner, no enemy contacts, just more symbols on a short hallway leading into a large oval room.

He walked slowly down the hall his back to the wall, when he reached the end he yet again craned his neck to scope out the room, three Brutes, two armed with plasma rifles, the other one tightly grasping a brute shot as if expecting trouble.

The Brute with the launcher raised it's head and sniffed the air three times then suddenly jerked its head in the Master Chief's direction, He ducked back behind the wall but he already knew he hadn't been quick enough to avoid detection.

"Demon!", the Brute yelled at the top of it's lungs. They charged him all at once. "I'll have your head!", the closest one yelled. John grabbed his battle rifle and leveled the scope at the metal plate covering its skull, he put his finger on the trigger and pulled back, there were three loud "pings" as the rounds ricocheted off, and knocked the plate off. This didn't even slow the beast. He pulled again in quick succession and three 9.2mm armor piercing rounds entered through the top of the skull. Purple gore spattered the floor, as the hulking beast fell limply to the ground.

The next brute fired its plasma rifle wildly holding the trigger tightly, infuriated at the loss of his brother, three shots hit him chest. The wind was knocked out of him, he staggered back behind a covenant weapons crate, holding several covenant carbines. The audible alarm went off in his helmet, his HUD (heads up display) was flashing red, he looked down at his shield status bar, it had been reduced to half. But soon this was masked by a much louder sound, a loud yell, the Brutes weapon had over heated in its hand, he howled in agony. John's shield was almost finished charging as the weapons crate flew over his head, the Brute had gone berserk, it pinned John to the floor, its large hands on his neck, slowly breaking down his shields, the beast drooled and gave a hearty laugh. At that moment there was an explosion above the Brute, John's shields flared as heat and shrapnel washed over him. Blood and chunks of flesh littered the nearby area.

He soon realized the last Brute was unlike the other he had encountered, he had shot off a grenade at its team mate for a chance to take on the Master Chief, this one was obviously more interested in a good fight than loyalty, or the wellbeing of his allies. The Brute ran at him, the large blade on the back of the launcher facing outward. The first swing hit him in the solar plexis this knocked him on his back, leaving his shields depleted by 25, the next swing was straight down, aimed for the head, John quickly rolled to the left

and onto his feet he pulled out his SMG it would be much more helpful than a Battle Rifle would in a fight like this .The Brute pulled the blade from the ground and yet again swung for his head, he ducked under the attack and brought himself up close to the behemoth and jammed the muzzle of the SMG into its gut and fired until the clip was empty.The Brute was still, blood steadily dripping from the corner of it mouth, John could feel the dead weight of the of the beast leaning on him, he pushed the Brute off to the side and as the corpse slumped too the ground, yells and cheers echoed throughout the large room. John looked up and about 50 feet above the ground there were 3 levels of prison cells similar to the one he had rescued Captain Keyes from on the first Halo ,were holding hundreds of Elites, Grunts, and several Hunters most all of them cheering.

Then suddenly the cheers were interrupted by a gold armored elite as he walked to the front of the cell yelling, "Stop, Stop", the Elite continued, "Have you forgotten that this demon is our enemy as well!" They remained relatively quiet besides a low murmuring of concern amongst themselves, until a silver elite wearing a tall crested helmet, which John recognized as one of the former Councilors to the prophets. The elite stood a head taller than anything else in his cell and had a bit of a gangly posture, stepped forward and clicked its upper mandibles together and looked at the Spartan with a look of what he assumed was amusement, but could easily be mistaken for disgust, it was hard to tell with them, which John figured was the Elite equivalent on a smile, and said, "No my brothers, this", he looked down at the Master Chief, "this is our new ally."

Ch.1 End

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>Sorry that this chapter was so short has very little talking but as those of you who play the game know,<br> Master Chief isn't very talkative, much more talking next chapter,  
> which will be up soon.<br> T.J.K.

## 2. Remote Activation

MUWAHAHAHA! ok heres Ch.2, its kinda short but hopefully its quality material!

\*\*Halo: Ark of the Covenant\*\*

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>Section 1: Only the Truth Remains<p><p>

### Chapter 2

1937 hours, April 23, 2553 (Military Calendar)  
> Control Room, Delta Halo<p>

Commander Miranda Keyes, Sergeant Avery Johnson, the Arbiter and several elites gathered around 343 Guilty Spark in the Delta Halo control room just seconds after the abortion of the activation sequence. There was a loud boom heard inside the control room, and then their attention was drawn to a holographic control panel positioned in front of the large holographic projection of the halo

structure, it began to flash between a light blue-green and red.

Sergeant Johnson turned to 343 Guilty Spark as he hovered happily humming his usual upbeat ditty, "And just what the hell was that Tinker bell?" "Well I would be more than delighted to answer your queryâ€|." 343 was suddenly cut off by an angry outburst from Sergeant Johnson, "What the hell did you just call me?" "Sergeantâ€|", Commander Keyes, whispered, her pale face was red with amusement and she squenched her lips together trying to hold back an outburst of laughter. "But Commander, did you hear whatâ€|" The Arbiter had heard more than enough of the ramblings of these imbeciles, the galaxy could very well be destroyed any second and they're giggling over the stupidity of a misunderstood statement, it infuriated him to no end. "Oracle, what has just happened?" 343 turned away from the Arbiter and addressed the humans again, this made him unbelievably angry. The Arbiter had noticed that everything that they encountered which the Forerunners had left behind was more favorable to the humans, even the Flood seemed to favor the humans over any other creature, but he remained quiet to hear the response. "The event you just witnessed was Installation 05 communicating at super luminous speeds with the remaining installations, a failsafe protocol in the event of an unexpected shut down, the installations will move to standby status. All installations are now eligible for remote activation. "Remote activation, from where?" inquired Keyes. "Why from the Ark of course, and after activation all sentient life within 3 galactic radii of each installation will be destroyed", 343 replied in his usual matter-of-factly tone. "And where exactly would this Ark be located?" the Sergeant spoke for the first time since his embarrassing incident.

343 hovered around for a bit looking at each individual within the control room a short while later after looking everyone over, he proclaimed, "No, no, no, there are no suitable Reclaimers here". Guilty Spark hovered in one spot for quietly for a few seconds before bouncing back into character, "Perhaps the reclaimer from Installation 04 could be of assistance, hopefully he will be more compliant with the activation process this time", and with that 343 Guilty Spark rose slowly to the top of the of the control room and exited through one of the many service tunnels found within the facility.

"Was he talkin' about mean green?" Johnson asked Comm. Keyes. "I suppose so, by the way when was the last time we had radio contact with 117?"

"Well last time I remember hearing anything from him was at about 1400 hours, but you know how he like to keep to himself, hell I would too if I had a hottie whispering in my ear all the time too!"

Keyes stood there silently trying to think of what should come next, "Johnson, try to contact Spartan 117 now, one we're on the surface I want you to find radio equipment and contact him, I want him briefed before the end of the hour. Do you understand me soldier?" Johnson replied with a stiff "Aye sir!"

Keyes walked over to the Arbiter, "Are you ready to go back to the surface?" The Arbiter didn't particularly like them, but they seemed competent enough to be of some use. "Fine, I'll ready my troopsâ€|.but before we leave the complex we should find weapons and

ammunition, the parasites will be hungry by now." The Arbiter turned to his troops standing to their left. "Brothers, ready yourselves we are headed too the surface." After the Elites acknowledged his order the Arbiter nodded to her slightly and Miranda gently nodded her head in return and walked off. "Johnson gather all you essentials, leave anything that you do not need, understood?" Sergeant Johnson nodded and went through all of his personal items, and then continued on to search the bodies in the surrounding area for ammunition and rations, he then made his way to the control room entrance and called out "Aren't you numbskulls ready yet?" After an exchange of peculiar looks between several Elites, they all made the way to the entrance to the control room. The thick gray doors slid apart and Johnson exclaimed, "Hold on to your asses boys and girls, It's gonna be one hell of a ride!"

**\*\*Ch.2 End\*\***

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>Yeah a lot of talking let me know if I'm doing a good job with Johnson's personality so I can fix for next Ch., if need be, damn it 12:30pm so don't call me out on ever detail ; good night folks!<p><p>

End  
file.